

vie with one another in the effort to get patronage from the work, and workers, that will attend the great Convention.

J. O. TALLEY.

MISSIONARY ITEMS.

The missionaries from the most Northern and Southern mission points in the world, Point Barrows, Alaska, and ———, Chili, are now attending the missionary conference together at Warsaw. From pole to pole around the world there is one tie that binds.

Would you have it bind but one community or state or country, or does your interest reach as far as the commission? What are you doing for the cause of foreign missions? Read the Missionary Circle books and wake up.

More and more the plan is being adopted of having individual congregations or societies adopt some one missionary as theirs to support or some one country as theirs to especially help; this plan is found to stimulate greater interest and larger giving. Most congregations spend enough for tobacco and unnecessaries to support a worker. And what will ye do in the end thereof? Jer. 5:31.

The church at Antioch sent their best workers out as missionaries. (Acts 13:2) Have not many of our congregations idle talent which might be developed if sent to another field?

In the past two years the Warsaw class has sent out four workers to preach the gospel and all are doing splendid work. We expect to have more later.

A spirit that will exclude foreign missions will end in excluding home missions and refuse to support home institutions. It is the logical end of selfishness.

Send for M. R. C. circulars at once.
C. F. YODER, Secretary.

Home Circle.

BOYS, DON'T DRINK.

A lawyer in Chicago relates that going home one night from his office he was accosted by a beggar clad in rags. Looking at him more closely, he asked his name. His suspicions were confirmed. It was an old college friend, the brightest man of his year.

"Give me a dollar for old acquaintance sake," whined Misery, piteously.

"What has happened to you?" said his friend. "You have been in trouble."

"No trouble," he said, "but of my own making. I succeeded well enough for some time, but I went into company and drank hard. Not at first, but I could soon

drink as much as any of them. It became a habit. After carousing into the small hours, I was not fit for business the next day. One good chance after another I let slip through my being unnerved, until I sank to this."

His friend looked at him pitifully. He said, "You can make a new start out here, and I will help you."

"No," said the other, "I have lost energy and hope. Give me enough money to get a meal and a bed. That is all you can do for me."

His friend pleaded with him, but to no purpose. He took him to a restaurant and fed him, and found him a lodging for the night. The next morning he went to see him, but during the night he had committed suicide. Slain by the liquor that had ruined thousands!—*Sabbath-school Visitor.*

WHEN THE MICE RAN IN.

C. N. SINNETT.

"The mice ran into the south chamber last night and nibbled a lot of things." Alice smiled eagerly as she came running downstairs with this piece of news; as if she were helping dear old grandma a great deal.

But a tired look came upon the kind old face, though grandmother said as cheerfully as she could, "I will go up at once and put things to rights." And away she went to the south chamber, though it was now very hard for her to climb the stairs.

"Do you ever see any mice in the chambers, dearie?" That was what another grandmother asked that very day, as she smoothed across her knee the stocking which she was knitting.

"I did when I first came here to visit you," answered Ethel. "But I set up there the trap which I borrowed of Jimmy Ware. I caught six mice, and I'm quite sure that there haven't been any in the chambers since then."

"Was the borrowing of the trap without my knowing it the very first thing that you did?" asked granny, as the sunlight dancing across her face seemed to make it look a great deal younger.

"No; I put your seeds and other things away up high so they wouldn't get hurt when anything came in there to nibble them."

And how merrily granny's knitting needles clicked as she said: "I guess that one of your first thoughts was, 'I'll save granny all the trouble that I can.' For I think you have guessed that when one gets old and lame the cares are always running in like the mice, do the best that one can to keep them out. And these

cares nibble away ever so much faster than the teeth of the mice. I know a little girl who caught a dozen cares in the trap with her six mice."—*S. S. Advocate.*

ONE OF LINCOLN'S KIND ACTS.

One summer morning shortly before the close of the war the not unusual sight in Washington of an old veteran hobbling along could have been seen on a shady path that led from the Executive Mansion to the War Office. The old man was in pain, and the pale, sunken cheeks and vague, far-away stare in his eyes betokened a short-lived existence. He halted a moment and then slowly approached a tall gentleman who was walking thoughtfully along.

"Good morning, sir, I am an old soldier, and would like to ask your advice."

The gentleman turned, and, smiling kindly, invited the poor old veteran to a seat under a shady tree. There he listened to the man's story of how he had fought for the Union, and was severely wounded, incapacitating him for other work in life, and begged directions how to apply for back pay due him and a pension, offering his papers for examination.

The gentleman looked over the papers and then took out a card and wrote directions on it, also a few words to the Pension Bureau, desiring that speedy attention be given to the applicant, and handed it to him.

The old soldier looked at it, and with tears in his eyes, thanked the tall gentleman, who, with a sad look, bade him good luck and hurried up the walk. Slowly the soldier read the card again, and then turned it over to read the name of the owner. More tears welled in his eyes when he knew whom he had addressed himself to, and his lips muttered, "I am glad I fought for him and the country, for he never forgets. God bless Abraham Lincoln!"—*Harper's Round Table.*

REVERENCE FOR OLD FOLKS.

A correspondent engaged in Christian work was a passenger on a crowded car, when an old man, leaning on a cane, entered, groping along with its aid for a seat. He had gone more than half-way without finding one, when a boy of about ten years caught sight of him and was on his feet in a moment.

"Here sir," he said kindly, "take this seat, sir, if you please."

"But what will you do?" the old man asked.

"I'll stand," was the smiling answer, which he did.

"Well, bless you, my lad," said the old man, as he sank down into the comfortable seat. "I'm a thousand times obliged